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A
GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS.

CONTAINING,

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JOE MUNDEN.





Blow high, blow low!

A New SONG.

Sung at the Playhouses in Newcastle and Shields.

BLOW high, blow low, tho' tempest tear
The main-mast by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stor'd
Shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds and raging sea,
In hopes once more to be on shore,
Safely moor'd with thee

Aloft while mountains high we go,
And as the wind that scuds along,
As the surges roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song:
Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all our crew,
In memory of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink to sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,
And as our ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be:
Blow high, &c.

The Highland Laddie.

Sung at the Playhouse in Newcastle.

LAWLAND lads think they are fine,
But, O they're vain and idly gaudy,
How much unlike that graceful mien
And manly look of my highland laddie.

O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome, charming highland laddie;
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his highland plaidy

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the weath'riest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Borrow's town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown,
He's finer far in his tartan plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dany,
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joys I'll e'er pretend
Than that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While heav'n preserves my highland laddie,
O my bonny, &c.

The Banks of the Tweed.

AS on the banks of Tweed I lay reclined beneath a
verdant shade,

I heard a sound more soft than pipe and flute,
Sure more enchanting was not Orpheus lute,
While list'ning and amaz'd I turned my eyes,
The more I heard, the greater my surprise,
I arose and followed, guided by my ear,
And in a thick-set grove I saw my dear.

Unseen, unheard, she thought, thus sang the maid:—
To the soft purling stream I'll sing of my love,
How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a soft passion for Jockey my dear,
When he's absent I sigh, but how blyth when he's near.

These rural amusements no longer delight,
He's my theme all the day, and my dream ev'ry night,
To his pipe I could sing for he's bonny and gay,
Did he know how I lov'd him no longer he'd stay

Neither linnet nor nightingale sing half so sweet,
And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat;
It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear,

She surpriz'd and detected some moments did stand,
Like the rose was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
Which she plac'd on her breast, and said Jockey I fear
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

For to visit my ewes and to see my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I did stray;
But my Jeany, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd.
And vow'd endless love if you would be my bride?

To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
Where the knot of affection shall tie the fond pair;
To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
And will bless the dear grove by the Banks of the
Tweed.

The Weaver in Love,

I Am a weaver by my trade,
I fell in love with a servant maid;
And if I could her favor win,
I would weave, and she should spin.

My love comes from the town, she said
How can you fancy a servant maid?
You may have ladies fine and gay,
Dress'd like unto the queen of May.

I went unto my love's chamber door,
Where many a time I had been before;
I neither knock'd or durst go in
To the pleasant room my love lay in.

I went unto my love's bed side,
And turned down the sheets so white;
I kiss'd her lips, and thus she said,
Why was I born to die a maid!

I gave her my shuttle into her hand,
And bid her use it at command;
She took it kindly and us'd it free,
And thus she learnt to webb with me.

My love he comes from the city of York,
 And I myself must bear the result;
 When I come to the county town,
 Then I will weave my love a gown.

Sweet Peggy O'Laven.

I Am restless in my mind, and always uneasy,
 Since I lost my dear jewel there's nothing can please
 me;

Her breast like a swallow on the water a-playing,
 Sure no mortal on earth like my Peggy O'Laven.

When first I beheld this dear angel so bright,
 She appear'd like Aurora, she dazzled my sight,
 Her skin is so fair, and her meaning so pleasing,
 I would chuse for my valentine sweet Peggy O'Laven.

My Peggy she is fair, she's charming and young,
 And if she don't love me, I'm surely undone;
 Let me rove where I will, I can fin'd no such maiden,
 She is the pride of all swains is my Peggy O'Laven.

Had I but my Peggy I would ask for no more,
 She's of far greater treasure than the rich Indies shore;
 Her smile's so inviting she got me quite enslaven,
 I shall sure die a martyr for sweet Peggy O'Laven.

Her red rosy cheeks, and her ruby lips charming,
 She's nymph of Parnassus and my own dearest darling;
 She's surely a goddess or some great constellation,
 Now who could forbear to love sweet Peggy O'Laven.

Heo! Hea! Heo!

WHEN first we hear the boatswain bray,
With voice like thunder roaring,

All hands, my boys, get under way,

Hark! the signal's for unmooring;

To save the joyous breeze,

Our handspikes then we seize,

In hopes to meet the foe—O—O!

Our capstan here,

Our windlass there;

We man to the tune of heo, hea, heo!

Heo! hea! hea! heo!

We man to the tune of heo, hea, heo!

Cast loose your top-sails, next he cries,

Top-ga'nt-sails too, and courses;

Clue-line and gears let go, my boys,

Haul home your sheets like horses!

Your mizzen luff—he glib,

Fore-stay-sail too and gib;

Your down-hauls, boys, let go—O—O!

We straight comply,

All eager fly,

And obey to the tune of heo, hea, heo!

The anchors up, ho! next they call,

Avast, boys, 'vast your heaving!

The cat-and-fish we over-haul,

Our handspikes nimbly leaving:

And if a prosp'rous gale,

We croud on ev'ry sail,

While our sheets they sweetly flow—O—O!

Along we swim,

Our braces trim:

And all to the tune of heo, hea, heo!

Then lovely Moll, and Sue, and Beck,
 Their eyes with grief o'erflowing;
 With heavy hearts come upon deck,
 The rude winds on them blowing:
 One short embrace we take,
 Which makes our hearts to ake,
 Awhile we join in woe—O—O!
 Nor, to our grief,
 Obtain relief,
 'Till cheer'd with the tune of heo, hea, heo!

The Wandering Sailor.

As sung by Mr. MUNDEN in the Theatre.

THE wand'ring sailor plows the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To gain at last content and ease;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore, &c.

When winds blow hard, and thunders roll,
 And mountains shake from pole to pole,
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, &c. &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
 The thoughtless scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore, &c.